

Demon

ALLBLACK

Ayy
Yeah
Yeah
(Cal-A made that beat, I had to trip on it), ayy

Bitch, you know we the cleanest
Gang with me, you see we lit
Please don't give me a reason
For that paper, I'm a demon
For the paper, I'm a demon
(I'ma get it one way or another, motherfucker)

I ain't pullin' up or wrappin' up that backend (I don't tap in)
Glocks and FN's, fuck a MAC-10
Tell Keys hit my line when that bag land (Facts)
Still rich out the pack ever since back then (That's a fact)
Other six, size fours, I can't see shit (Red)
I don't like a shy bitch, I need a freak bitch
I ain't swimming in the shallow, I'm in the deep end
She your bitch, I only fuck her on the weekend, nigga
Taking niggas' chains if they suspect (Suspect)
If you ain't talkin' 'bout no money, change the subject
22nd niggas got 'em upset (Facts)
Bitch, I'm up now and I'm up next
I'm the nigga in my city, ain't no secret, nigga
I'm in the game, middle fingers to the bleachers, nigga (Fuck 'em)
If it ain't paper, I'm a demon
Type of nigga make this mobbin' shit look easy
It's Jim, nigga

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Don't leave the house without your makeup kit
Diss songs about your real daddy just won't stick
Hey, bitch, say, bitch, I know you miss this demon dick
Please comb Max hair, take off them wack outfits
Now I was gon' let you live, let you mock me in the VIP
But Feed the Children program called me about you, bitch
They said, "You can save her life for just twenty-five cents"
Soaking wet with boots on, she weigh around 86
Pounds, sit your bad ass down
I heard the circus hiring, they said they need another clown
I keep a chopper for the nigga, flea collar for bitches
I pull a grandad on this bungalow and call the pound
2K19 Black Panther, eight thousand miles
2 Minute Drills, update Empire, quick thirty thou'
For that paper, I'm a demon, watch the fuck out
Open a lil' wider, I'ma skeet off in both of y'all mouth

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Please don't give me a reason

For that paper, I'm a demon
(Candlelight, I'ma light these niggas up
Fuck you talkin' 'bout, nigga?)
For the paper, I'm a demon (LO, ayy)
(I'ma get it one way or another, motherfucker)

I just stepped in, so it must be hot, ayy
Boy, I got a Glock in this LV lunchbox
She ain't tryna come and give me strip, she's a punk rock
Tryna play me and get jumpshot (Stupid)
For that paper, we gon' walk up in your house like I'm a spirit
I get bands just to talk, you ain't even gotta hear it
If I see a sucker in the crowd, then I'ma clear it
If them niggas fightin', you should know I'm probably near it
Tell him when to go and he gon' crash for me
Raid the bitch purse and told her it was lash money
I'm disabled if it ain't about the cash, honey
That's my goer, I could have her climb a draft for me, ugh
Sicker than your nigga like I should
Name a nigga colder, I'm the best up out the hood
Gotta keep the metal 'til I make it Hollywood
He ain't movin' like he should, then we gon' burn him like a 'Wood

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For the paper, I'm a demon
(I'ma get it one way or another, motherfucker)